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WRITTEN IN RED. dead body at his unoccupied town home in scrawl of red, is writ

ATTIME 1-Ferridge, friend of the firm, and Stackhouse engage Detective Lamm to probe murder, and each in private declares the other the criminal. Lamm goes to Swampscott, North's summer home.

CHAPTER 4.—Lamm hides in North home, where Stackhouse also lives, and hears Mrs. Stackhouse, North's daughter, accuse husband of murder. Stackhouse leaves home, wife faints.

CHAPTER 5.—Ferridge arrives at North home. Lamm interviews Mrs. Stackhouse

home. Lamm interviews Mrs. Stackhouse Fetridge and North Sunter. Marie Moisson known to both Fetridge and Stackhouse

CHAPTER 6.—Medical Examiner Jar-rett reports view of case. Thomas inter-views surgeon in autopsy; then confers CHAPTER 7 -- Busy days at police office

CHAPTER 6 - Thomas visits North villa Phomas and Appleby present at murders CHAPTER 5 - Thomas confers with amm. Goes to North villa at night; eb-

lows the woman to heach, where she throws revolver into water. He recovers it. CHAPTER 12.—Takes up pursuit again, following woman all night and part of next day. On finding her, Thomas discovers she is Stella North.

CHAPTER XL

Reporter Thomas had no time to construct theories to account for what had happened. For whatever reason, Stella North was the woman he had unwittingly followed, and Stella North was the woman who now lay in his arms, as devote of life, to all appearances, as the twigs upon which her dainly feet were dragging. He looked into her face for the moment with helpless irresolution. The dictates of common humanity would have imthis occasion. He had been aware ever since the day she flashed upon nim that appealing glance as her sister was leading her from the room at Swampscott, of a peculiar interest more ro mantic and tender, perhaps, than he admit to himself.

But the present emergency demanded prompt action. He could see plainly enough that it was not merely fright that had caused her to lose conto break into dimpled smiles; but, alas! horror and deprivation of sleep

and food had wrought a wicked change

in a few days.

her hair strayed recklessly about her died after a painful iliness. Thomas hastened with her out of the sight of away all he could well carry. possible curiosity. A few steps brought him deep enough into a protecting wood that fringed the roadside, and here, in the leaves beneath the trees where the birds were singing, he laid her gently down. His experience in the art of restoring fainting women to consciousness had been extremely limited, but he believed in the efficaciousness of alcohol, and always carried when traveling for use in an emergency a fiash of brandy. A little of this strong remedy poured down her throat half strangled the victim, but it awoke her. Her eyes opened and she regarded him languidly. He had seen a dying bird look just that way.

"Come. Miss North, you feel better now, don't you?" he said, awkwardly, as he supported her head upon his arm. And when a sudden betrayal of fear and shame surged into her white cheeks he hastened to add: "There now, there's nothing to be afraid of. Not the least in the world."

She made an effort to disengage herself and to arise, but she was very weak, and she only sank back again with a pathetic sigh. The tears came into her eyes at once, and she was unable to conceal her weakness or to check it. Faster and faster they chased each other down her cheeks, Her face was wet with them.

"Come, Miss North," he murmured, "this will never do. You must not give way like this. Don't despair. If there is anything wrong, you may depend

upon me to help you all I can." "Oh, it's not I who need the help," she moaned, quite light-headed by reason of her long sufferings; and, grasping his sleeve with her little hand, she exclaimed with sudden, passionate intensity: "Oh, don't let them arrest her. Don't let them hang her. Marion never could have done it in her right mind. She was out of her head, you know. You are sure she was, are you not?"

This unexpected entreaty was a surprise, but it was a most welcome one to Thomas. He had not had an opportunity for deliberate thought since he had recognized who it was that had thrown away the compromising weapon with the suspicious smudge upon it, and fled from the North villa in the most damaging of circumstances: but in a vague, general way, his heart had been conscious of the weight of the accepted theory that she was in some way implicated in the dark work of the tragedy. And now these wild, hysterical words, delivered under the pressure of her overstrung emotions, gave him more than a hope that she was

He smoothed her hair. He wiped CHAPTER 1. Story opens in offices of North & Stackhouse, a Boston brokers' and bankers' concern. Directors of Nicaragua Midland and Stackhouse await North, who some days before had received letter threatening death. Search for North reveals his dead body at his unoccupied town home. by turning her attention to other things, he brought her once more into a condition of sanity. She was not CHAPTER 2—Officers, reporters and physicians investigate and perfumed woman's handkerchief is found on staircase. Kingman F. Themas, of Boston Globe, introduced. with great, round, wistful eyes, with CHAPTER 2-Fetridge, friend of the an air of mingled timidity and impulsive confidence.

"And now, Miss North," said Thornas at last, "it is absolutely necessary that I should leave you for a few minutes. Will you promise me not to stir until I return? I will be gone just as short a time as possible."

"You are so kind," she said, faintly, "If it is for me you are going, I hope, really, you won't trouble yourself. a few minutes I shall be stronger and can go on.

"We'll talk about that after I come back," he said, cheerfully, "And meantime I have your promise not to stir? "Since you are so good, I can refuse you nothing," she returned, wearily, and closed her eyes.

Thomas was off at an energetic pace, He first tied his horse to a tree, and then ran on to the nearest farm house. A well-to-do-looking woman with a sunny face, appeared at the door in an-

"Madam," said Thomas, hastily, "1 have to apologise for my unexpected call, but the fact is, I am in great need of food-the best you have and plenty of it. I'll pay-anything. Only et me have it at once."

"But I can't," said the woman; "I haven't a thing in the house to eat! "But I must have something." exlaimed Thomas, "if it's nothing but milk and water. The case is very urgent. Here, do what you can for me." He thrust a five-dollar bill into the good woman's hand. She thrust it

back promptly. "Here, I don't want your money, she said, rather stiffly. "Such as I have you're welcome to. Come in."

She led the astonished Thomas into an ample partry, which was in a conpelled him to pity her, but it was no dition of neatness that was almost ordinary pity that filled his soul on painful. But it needed no power of away, and your flight from home. divination to determine that it was the pride of the good woman's life. and the shelves fairly grouned with good things. Thomas was dumb with delighted amazement.

"Well," said the housewife, evidentas a matter-of-fact man was free to ly enjoying the condition of stupefacion to which she had reduced him. "do you see anything you'd like? If so, you are welcome. "The-the fact is," stammered

Thomas, "I wish you'd let me pay for sciousness. Nature had bestowed upon it. I-I-you see, I might carry away her a face charming in its natural a little more than I'd like to; for the roundness of outline and ready always fact is I've got a friend just back here in the woods, and she-he's starving to death.

coure, she did not believe that any- lng." As she lay with her head thrown body was dying for the want of food back, her lips parted, her eyes closed, her hair strayed recklessly about her. Thomas could do was to effect a com-The woman accented "a dol lar for the heathen." Thomas took

As the reporter approached the place where he had left Stella North, he began to have some fears that she had deserted him in spice of her promise; but, no. There she was, still sitting against the tree, as he had left her. No, not as he had left her. Completely exhausted, she had fallen asleep.

Thomas placed his bundles upon the ground and softly arranged the repast he had secured from the farm house upon a light robe he had taken from the carriage. From the bowl of fresh milk to the golden-brown custard ple it was genuine and wholesome; and though he would fain have had Young's chief cook at his command for an hour or two, still he hoped that she could not fail to find the display attractive and appetizing.

But he hesitated to wake her. The poor child slept as only one utterly worn out can sleep. He looked at her more attentively, and his heart accelerated its pulsations.

"What a pity," he thought, "that she should be so compromisingly mixed up in such an affair as this! Young and charming as she is, if the police knew what I know they would not hesitate a minute to arrest her."

The thought clouded his breast. He looked at his watch. It was getting late. Unless he proposed to turn her over to the police, in truth, time pressed.

"Ahem!" he exclaimed. "Miss-North!"

But her sleep was too deep to be disturbed by such an expedient. He placed his hand gently upon her shoulder, and a thrill ran through him at the contact. She started up and stared wildly about her. Gradually the truth came to her. She awoke from a happy oblivion to the horror of the past few days. The sudden frightened look in her face proclaimed this fact. And then her eyes wandered from the reporter's face to the collation spread at

"For me!" she exclaimed. "Oh!-But nothing but tears bespoke her thanks. She was evidently ashamed to betray herself so; but she was too weak to prevent it. She covered her face with her hands and sank down

at the foot of the tree. "You think me foolish, I know," she

stammered. "Not a bit of it," said Thomas. "I think your nerves are quite unstrung. because you haven't taken nourishment enough. Eat something. Miss North, I beg of you; and, my word for it, you'll feel better."

By dint of much persuasion and innocent of any part in the hideous adroit management he reassured her, so that she actually smiled the very Miss North will you trust me?"

ghost of a smile, but it betrayed the presence of a merry dimple in her very near to his and turned the light cheek, which Thomas thought quite of her blue eyes full into his dark ones. charming.

gured. "By eating all you can," he returned.

And she did endeavor to show her gratitude in that way. From time to hers did. She blushed and suddenly time she looked at him with a glance became self-conscious, and precipitateof dread and apprehension.

"You are not afraid of me, Miss North, I hope?" he said at last, pleasantly. He was smiling now, as he sat on a rock near by watching her eat, lose. Follow me." which she did with that ravenous appetite that comes of absolute starvation.

"Excuse me," she said, after an evident effort, "but you are the same gentleman who called at our housewho used to know my father?"

Thomas flushed a little and his eyes "Miss North," he said, "I don't in-

tend to deceive you. I am a newspaper reporter."

She uttered a slight scream and iropped her knife and fork into her plate. At another time Thomas would most certainly have laughed aloud at the unmistakable consternation produced by the announcement of his profession. As it was, he repressed his tendency to smile when he saw her lips whiten under the cruel apprehension that had sprung to life within her:

"You mistrust me, Miss North." he said gravely.

"Oh, no," she returned, in a voice barely audible. And added immediatey: "For pity's sake, sir, do you inend to print what I told you when I was so crazy awhile ago?" "Do I, Miss North? It depends

your dinner, "Oh, how can you joke about a thing

"Miss North, I am not joking. lever was more serious in my life. It

her appetite away. She regarded him with a look of pathetic appeal.

"Oh, sir," she exclaimed, suddenly, "I am only a poor girl, and chance has | word or two." placed me completely at your mercy Don't torment me, I beseech you. Tell me the worst at once. What do you intend to do with me?"

"To save you." answered Thomas.
"To save me?" she repeated, helpessly. "From what?" "From the consequences of your con

"Mine!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? I have done nothing." "Pardon me," said Thomas. forget the pistol which you threw She stared at him for a long time like a statue.

"And you believe-" she began at last, with an awful look in her face. "I believe nothing." he interrupted "so much as I believe you, Miss North. It is not a question of me, but of the police.

"The police!" she stammered. "Miss North," said Thomas, "I would not frighten you needlessly, but | ment. I feel compelled to tell you that you have placed yourself, in the eyes of the law, in a very equivocal position. Unless you can give a full explanation

of your conduct-"Oh, sir," she broke in, "I can tell The woman laughed outright. Of the police nothing-absolutely noth-

She wrung her hands and looked

"It's not because I am guilty of anysir, you know that! cannot say what I have thought, what I have been compelled to believe in spite of myself. I have said things to you already when I did not realize what I was doing which I never meant to have repeated to any human being. And you-on your honor, sir!-won't you keep my secret?"

"I will do everything I can for your sister, for your sake," said Thomas. "But I must ask you one question. "What reason had you to believe ner guilty?"

"I do not believe it. No. I will not acknowledge that I ever really believed it. But for one moment when her strange actions seemed unaccountable upon any other supposition, I-but it was a mistake, sir. I am sure of it. She could explain everything if she would."

"There, there!" said Thomas, soothingly. "Don't get excited. You are as safe with me as you could possibly be with anyone. I simply wanted to have the assurance from your lips that you are unaware of the fact of any

"Oh, believe me, sir." "I do, Miss North. I believe you implicitly, and I will do everything in my power to help you."

"You are very noble, sir." "You flatter me," said Thomas averting his eyes. "I have sisters of my own, and-" The girl claspa! her hands.

"And for their sakes-" "No, for your sake," said Thomas, turning quickly to look toward the road. "You spoke of that dreadful pistol,

sir!" she cried, suddenly. "Tell me how you know!" "I saw you, Miss North."

"And the pistol is-" "In my pocket." She stretched out her hands im-

pulsively, while a wild light of hope lighted in her face. "Give it to me," she exclaimed. "Forgive me," said Thomas, "but I must refuse you that. Echeve me, it

pains me to be obliged to refuse you

anything." "You won't give it to me," she faltered. "And what then, do you propose to do with It?"

"I will be frank with you now as ever, Miss North," he said, in a low voice. "I intend to give it to the police."

She swayed, but his arm prevented her from falling. "Come, come!" he exclaimed, in a quick whisper, as for the moment he held her close to his rapidly-beating heart. "Be a woman! Do your duty as I shall do mine! I have promised you my protection-my utmost effort

on behalf of yourself and your sister.

Impulsively she trought her face It was an intense, fearful, searching "How can I thank you?" she mur- stare; a look such as one might east into the future at a fork in the road of life between lasting happiness and despair. His gaze never faitered, but ly looked down at the ground.

"I will," she murmured, faintly. "You are in imminent danger," he said, hastily. "There is no time to

And as he turned from her sne obeyed him with the trusting confidence of a little child.

CHAPTER XII.

THOMAS DECLINES TO STATE THE-About ten o'clock on Monday morning a telephonic message came over the wires from the chief of police at Lynn to the Boston police headquarters which seriously interfered with the habitual imperturbability of Inspector Applebee.

"Whatever does this signify?" he demanded of the chief inspector. That youngest North girl has disappeared.

"No!" exclaimed his superior, in a tone of surprise. "How could that be?

"I don't know how it can be; it is," Applebee declared. "She left the house some time last evening. They did not liscover her absence till this mornng. A hurried search of the neighborhood traces her to the railroad station, where she took the last train for Boston.

"That's a queer family, anyhow" commented the chief inspector, with upon whether or not you go on with a very puzzled air. "Applebee, nave you tried to ascertain whether there isn't insanity in the blood?"

"Plague take it! What was I thinking of not to have put a man to watch her last night? I thought of it, but s absolutely imperative that you eat." it seemed an absurd precaution!" fumed the irspector. "However, her The poor girl tried to propitiate him flight the minute one funeral is over but it was evident that he had taken may have had of her complicity in the crime.

"Better put White on ner track at once. Then see me and let us have a

Inspector White having been dis patched to the Eastern depot with Instructions to find the fugitive at any cost, Inspector Applebee returned to the private office of his superior. The chief carefully closed the door.

"Applebee," he said, as he resumed his chair, "if I understand you definitely, there is notody, so far as known, who benefits a cent by North's death except his daughter Stella?"

"Exactly, inspector. You are to en derstand just that. There is not the slightest indication of robbery or theft. Both the property in the house and the personal property on North's person were intact. Nobody benefits but this girl. Just two months ago he took out a \$10,000 policy in her favor."

"Applebee," said the chief, "I begin to realize that we are in a very del cate position in this matter. It calls for our nicest discrimination and judg-

"I should say as much." "Let us see what we know. We have established circumstantially beyond a reasonable doubt the identity of the woman who was in the Marlboro street house at or after the time of North's death; the woman who, to say the least of it must be an accessory after

"Instead of some adventuress, the daughter, a mild-faced, innocent-look ing girl of 17."

"So, indeed." "Well, now to my mind, unless the girl is crazy (and we have no evidence that she is), she never could have shot her father.

"It's a pretty serious thing to charge her with it" "You don't believe it?"

"I'm hardly prepared to dispute the evidence. "Very well, then, there is only on explanation. She knows who did it and she runs away to avoid questions.

"It looks so. "And as she never could reconcilher conscience to such action unless the guilty party were very near or

very dear to her-" "Stackhouse again!" said Applebee significantly "There's no way out of t. Unless something turns up in his favor. I've got to arrest that man." There was a knock at the door.

"Mr. Mentell," said the messenger, to see Mr. Applebee." "It's the writing expert," said Applebee. "Send him in."

Mr. Mendell appeared, bearing under his arm a small portfolio. "Good morning, gentlemen," was his

greeting. "And what do you think of the news? No surprise to you, I suppose?" "What news?" questioned the chief

inspector, gruffly. "Why, the collapse of North Stackhouse to be sure. What, hadn't you heard?

The two fficials were staring a each other. "Where did you hear that, Mendell?" Applebee asked.

"Where? Everywhere. It's all over town. Of course circumstances make everybody talk about it. All sorts of rumors are affort as to the cause of it. Some say it wouldn't have occurred but for North's death. Others say it had to come anyway-that it was only a matter of time. But, plague take it,

that wasn't what I came for." "Quite so," said Applebee, "But, turning from gossip to business, what's your report?

"Well, gentlemen," returned Mendell, briskly, opening his portfolio and extracting therefrom several papers, I don't know that I can help you a great deal, but I'm satisfied of one thing. Out of all the specimens of writing which Jobson presented for my inspection, there are not five which could have been done by the party who prepared the anonymous letter." "There are four, then?" said Apple-

"Just," returned Mendell, spreading the samples upon the table; "and there you have them."

"And how about your preference?"

"I have none. You see, the writing of the original is too shaky to be a good guide. It is evidently a disguised hand, but at the same time not disguised by a person who understood how to disguise handwriting. Evidently when he had written it he thought, because it didn't have the general appearance, to his eye, of his own writing, it was consequently sufficiently blind to deceive anybody. don't believe the peculiarity of the formation of the letters ever occurred to the person."

"Who are these parties?" "Three of them are business men. The fourth was formerly a clerk in the firm's employ, but was discharged, I

believe, for drunkenness."

"Pshaw!" said Applebee. "I know these three men. They're none of them in need of money, and would not have taken that means to get it if they had been."

"It remains, then, with this other fellow-Willard Smith-eh?" said the chief inspector. "What do you know of this man's history?"

"Nothing but the few words that Jobson accidentally let fall," replied the expert. "He said that the man was young and industrious. That he invested every cent in Nicaragua Midland, lost his money and took to rum as a consolation."

"That's our man," said the chief inspector, positively. "Applebee, let's get to work on this at once."

There was no time lost. Inspector Applebee and his assistants were soon scouring the city for information concerning Mr. Willard Smith, late clerk with North & Stackhouse. But the quest presented some unexpected diffiulties, and when Tuesday morning same it had not yet achieved success. Applehee was scarcely awake on fuesday morning when the following telegram was placed in his hunds: "Important' Meet me at hendquarte

"WHITE " "Does he bring Stella North with tim?" was the grave question that persisted in App'ebee's mind during the intervening time. "If so, 1 am con-

fident that we are nearing the end of briefly. this permexing case. He communicated his anxiety to the chief inspector, and both men waited four-barreled, breech-loading pistol with impatience the coming of the about eight inches in length, and man who had gone in quest of the stained with rust in several places. mysterious fugitive. Alas, for their

The three men were closeted togeth-

er as soca as he arrived. "Not a trace of her?" exclaimed Applebee, impatiently.

"Slipped through my fingers like a fish!" said White, "Circumstances very peculiar. Whole thing mysterious; more than mysterious-suspi-

"How do you mean?" White placed his hand impressively sir. on Applebes s shoulder, and though the door was shut, spoke in almost a whisper: "I tell you, man, it is one of two

with herself, or she's had help to as "It's likely enough that she had help with avidity. "The deuce you did! to escape," observed the chief. "But When?" know of no good reason why sae should go outside of the state of Mas-

sachusetts for the purpose of committing suicide." "Wait till you have heard me," said haste." White, eagerly. "Observe the facts carefully. I traced this girl to the Al- train on Monday. This is the first opbany depot, and through the hack- portunity I have had gentlemen." man, who bought her ticket to Hartping place. There I expected trouble, [48]" questioned Applebee. Not a bit of it. Everybody knew about Why? Well, I'll tell you why. Somebody had got ahead of us; that's all. A black-haired young man about 30 years of age, who wrote his name

the place, representing her as insane." "Evidently an assumed name. muttered Applebee, apprehensively. 'Couldn't you get a full description? "You may be sure I did, even to the cut of his shoes. But wait a bit. I haven't got to the end. This young man hired a carriage at East Hartford and started out upon the road in chase of the girl. That he overtook her I have positive evidence. That she thereafter disappeared and that ne

went on alone I'm equally well in-"What?" ejaculated Applebee. "Just as I tell you," said White. "I traced this woman to a certain place on the road between Hartford and Buckland. Abruptly all trace of ner disappears. She is seen in conversation with this man, and not again by anybody in either direction. Meanwhile the man kept on alone. He was seen by several people by himself in the carriage. He drove clear to Vernon, sent the carriage back to East Hartford by a messenger, and there he disappears, too."

"Great powers!" exclaimed the chief. 'We're outwitted."

"For the time it would seem so." "For the time!" echoed the chief. irascibly. "Don't you see what this means? The girl was a greenhorn. The man was an expert. I'll bet you a hundred dollars he had that girl all the time in the bottom of his carriage. Why didn't he go back to Hartford? Can't you see his purpose? The New through Vernon. By this time both principal and accomplice are safe in

the city of New York." The two assistants stared blankly. "At any rate," said Applebee, plainly demonstrates one thing. We're dealing with professionals." "Professional what?" asked the chief,

angrily. "What is there in the ii. of a professional about this affair? Was there any theft, any property missing? This isn't a burglary, my friend; it's a murder." "So, indeed," said Applebee.

professionals have been hired before now to do a job of that kind. It's no use for you to tell me that this chap doesn't know the ropes, inspector," The chief seemed struck by his remark, and became thoughtful.

and seating himself of a folle be at

"Write out the fullest possible description of the man," he said to White, We'll see what we can do; though I'm afraid we've botched it." Inspector White took out his notes.

THE CHIEF TOOK OUT AN OLD-FASHIONED E-CALIBER, FOUR-FOUR-BARRELED BREECH-LOADING PISmmediately to comply with the re-

quest. In the midst of the work a messenger ventured to bring a card to the "Humph," said the chief. "Kingman F. Thomas, of the Globe, is here, and

he says that his business is important and immediate." "Let him come in, then," advised Applebee. "I tell you that man cut his eye-teeth years ago. If he says im-

portant he means important. The chief gave a sign of acquiescence and shortly after the door opened to admit Mr. Kingman F. Thomas. Quietty dignified, and entirely master of himself, as upon all occasions, the reporter cast a quick glance upon the group. Without a word he advanced to the table, inserted his hand in his breast, took therefrom something enwrapped in a newspaper, and laid it

"What is it. Thomas?" queried Applebee, curiously "Look at it," returned the reporter,

down before the chief inspector.

The chief undid the wrapping and took out an old-fashioned 32 caliber, Everybody started and looked eager

hopes! Inspector White was quite ly from the weapon to the serious face of the man who had brought it. "It is just as I found it," he said, quietly, "with the exception of the rust. I took it out of the water, and I lidn't care to wipe it much, for fear

of destroying the smut on that empty "Well," said the chief, with an assumption of handerence, "why do you bring it here!

"I considered it my duty to do so,

"To be sure; but what makes you think so? In other words, where did you find it?"

"I found it in the water on the shore things. That girl's either made away at Swampscott. "Swampscott!" ejaculated Applehee, who began to examine the weapon

> "Sunday night about nine o'clock." "Sunday!" echoed the chief Inspector, sharply, "and it is now Tuesday morning. You were evidently in no "I went out of town by a very early

"I-ow came you to be wading in the ford, was able to go direct to her stop- water at Swampscott after dark, Thom-

"Well sir it won't take me long to matter, I stipulate but one thing. This must not be given to the press. You agree? Very well. I was passing William C. Waterston, had been up in the North villa when I saw a woman the morning making inquiries all over enveloped in a long cloak stealing out of the garden. I followed her, deeming | for it. her appearance suspicious. She went toward the shore, and I thought I saw her throw something into the water, Walting till she had gone, I waded out and found this. I ran up the street, hoping to catch her, but missed the last train in. She seems to have

been in better luck," The three inspectors exchanged significant glances.

"And didn't you see her face, Thom as?" Applehee eagerly inquired. "I did not; no." "And you have no idea who she is?"

Thomas hestiated a moment before "I don't know that I care to state theories. You have enough of your

OWIL. "Well, Mr. Thomas," said the chief. at last, "I think you are entitled to our most sincere thanks for important evidence in the North case. Still, in matters of this kind delays are dangerous. It does seem as if you might have found some way to get this to us before this.

"I preferred to deliver it in person," said Thomas, quietly. "I never take any chances in a matter of this impor-

tance. "You prefer to be slow but sure, I suppose," said the chief, smiling. "Well, Applebee, here it is. It won't take you long to verify your suspicions about it."

"I rather suspect that Thomas has already done that," Applebee said. York & New England railroad runs | "I took that liberty, yes," agreed the reporter.

"To whom did you take it?" "To Comfort Harwood, Swampscott." "When?" "This morning-the only opportun-

ity I have had."

"And what did she say?" "She positively identified it as the property of the late Paul North." This appeared to be the extent of Thomas' information. When he went

"Bless me if that man wouldn't

stand as a model for this description I am writing." "Eh!" exclaimed the chief inspector, turning suddenly in his chair. "Ap-

out, White said with a smile:

plebee, watch that man!" "What? Thomas?" cried the subordinate, in amused amazement.

"That same Thomas," said the chief. dryly; "unless you want the newspapers to get ahead of us in this matter. For I tell you that man knows more than he has told us."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Mighty Poor Economy. Nipkins-Why so blue, old boy? Bliffkins-I tried to economize by marrying my typewriter. "Good idea!"

"No, it wasn't. She refuses to de any more typewriting, demands twe servants to take care of her, and insists that my next typewriter shall be a man, although men want larger sal aries."-N. Y. Weekly.

Disturbing the Peece. A man hugged a woman from Greece; She cried: "If you do not releece Me at once from your arms, I will give the alarms

give you in charge of the poleece!" -Town Topics VERY FORTUNATE.



"Goodness, mister, it's er lucky t'ing you wuz dere w'en I feil!"-Boston

Truthful Maid. "Where are you going my pretty maid?"
"I really don't know, sir," she said.
"But you steer the auto, my pretty maid," "That's why I don't know, sir," she said.

for my wife. Great Merchant-This is a wholesale Mr. Binks-Of course. You don't suppose I'm fool enough to go on buying hairpins at retail, do you? I want a bar-

An Experienced Husband.

Mr. Binks-I wish to get some hairpins

A Deep-Laid Scheme. "What made you vote for that man for congress? You always said he had very little capacity."

rel .- N. Y. Weekly.

'Yep." answered Farmer Corntossal "An' I took a good deal of satisfaction in putting him where he'll have every chance to show hisself up an' prove my assertion."-Washington Star.

Close Enough. They were sitting in the parlor of the pretty little cottage. "Darling," he whispered, ardently, "we are rolling onward in the car of love."

"Yes, dear," she whispered, nestling

on his broad shoulder, "and we don't

need any conductor to say, 'Sit closer,

please." -Tit-Bits. Silent Now. "Oh, yes. Dasher and his brother fell out the other day, and now they don't

speak. "Well, well! Fell out over politics, I suppose? "No; fell out of their automobile while

going at the rate of 70 miles an hour."-

Philadelphia Press. Proof.

Mrs. Bryden-And is this chair realy an antique piece of furniture? Mrs. Swolly-Antique, madam? There is no doubt about that. Why it was so worm-eaten when I bought it that I had to have a new back, and s

new seat and three new legs made

Uzeless.

Book Agent—Let me sell you this little volume entitled "College Sports," Farmer Crawfoot-Don't want to hear anything about them. My son Hiram has turned out to be a college sport and he is as useless as a scarecrow.—Chicago Daily News.

Content.

"Is your son doing well at college?" "Yes," answered Farmer Corntossal. "He had his picture took after the football game, and it showed he had his regular share of arms an' legs. 1 should say he was doin' right well."-Washington Star.

Not Yet Disturbed. "They are asking how you got your money," said the friend. "That's all right," answered Sena-

tor Sorghum. "It will be time enough to worry when they begin to figure on how to get it away from me."-Washington Star. At the Restaurant. Diner (wrestling with a coarse

course, of course) - Here, garcon, I

say what bird is this?

Walter-Bordeaux pigeon, sir. Diner-More of the board than the dough, I should say. Take it away. Attributed to Cats.

Westerner-San Francisco's demand for brick is so great it has created a brick famine in California, Easterner-Why, are there so many cats out there?-Yonkers Statesman.

Cautious. Yeast-I understand he always writes his poetry when he is alone. Crimsonbeak - That's right. He hates to have people see him make a fool of himself -Yonkers Statesman.

Perfectly Permissible. "Yes," admitted the young man, modestly, "I have killed several men. but always under legitimate circum-Elances. "Self defense, eh?"

"Well, not exactly. It was in foottall games.-Chicago Sun. An Improvement.

"If I didn't own an automobile, dear do you think you could care for me?" "Why, of course, If you didn't own an automobile you would have to get a new one of the 1906 pattern."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.